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ANCIENT BUILDINGS.

PALACE YARD, LAMBETH.

HAVING, in our last number, given a representation of Bunyan's Pulpit, as it now stands in the Methodist Chapel, we here present to our readers a view of the exterior of that chapel, abutting on the ancient gateway. The history of this now almost neglected pile of building is unfortunately clouded in obscurity, but there are enough data left to warrant us in stating, that they are the remains of what was once a famous hostelry—the busy haunt of travellers, and for persons called by religious duties to the adjoining palace and church: and, as its immediate locality was also the scene of the turbulent rioting of the idle London apprentices who attacked Lambeth in 1641, and tried to capture Archbishop Laud, it is more than probable that here they rested to slake their thirst, or hide away from the officers of justice. And the mind cannot refrain from contemplating that here also the rebellious Wat Tyler and his followers rested to concert their plans, ere, in 1381, they at-

tacked the palace at Lambeth, burnt the furniture and books, with the registers and public papers, and finally murdered the venerable Archbishop Sudbury.

A retrospective glance at such frightful scenes of former days, ought to make us grateful that we live in milder and happier times.

Much praise is due to the exertions and public spirit of Mr. William Herbert, and the late Mr. Robert Wilkinson, who, in the *London Illustrated*, have rescued from oblivion so many vestiges of buildings, which have, since their demolition, become objects of great interest. Fully persuaded of the public utility of such pursuits, we intend occasionally to enrich our pages with faithful representations of such buildings deemed to destruction, as may be deemed of interest or celebrity.

VOL. XXXVI.

MY LOVE FOR ARTHUR.

EXPRESSED IN FASHIONABLE SONG-WORDS.

Am I can I e'er forget the day,
When Arthur first before me bow'd?
Arthur! dost thou remember, say,
When first "We met? 'twas in a crowd!"

Nay, frown not, love! that you forget,
Think not your Bessy e'er supposes;
I know you e'en remember yet,
That then "She wore a Wreath of Roses."

Ah, no! each trifling incident
Fond memory constantly recalls,
When to St. Alban's shrine we went,
And "Sat within the Abbey walls."

How sweet, when dressing for the ball,
With heart elate, and free from care,
To watch night's shadows swiftly fall,
And feel with joy, "He will be there!"

My Arthur! when thou'rt far away,
Braving wild waves, the wind, and weather,
Wilt thou remember, dearest, say,
How "We have loved and loved together!"

For you I've given up each beau,
Your dreaded rival's love I've cross'd,
He seems a prey to bitter woe,
And sings for ever "All is lost."

Arthur! from me you soon must part;
Oh, how I dread the dread December!
What can give solace to my heart,
But, "I remember, I remember."

Yes! memory will bring back the day,
When as we sat 'neath yonder tree,
I, blushing, heard my Arthur say,
"My Bessy, dear, 'Come dwell with me!'"

And when from Britain's shores you go,
Think not when you are far away,
The memory may soothe my woe,
Your Bessy can be "Toujours gai!"

Oh, no! my Arthur! I shall be
The sad reverse of all that's gay!
I'll sit beneath some shady tree,
And sadly sigh, "Ah! does not!"

Thy praise, thou dearest, best of men,
With rapture fills my throbbing breast!
Nor can I wonder, Arthur, when
"They tell me thou'rt the swan's guest."

'Twould be my pleasure and my pride,
While thou dost smile, and sweetly sing;
To roam the wide world by your side,
If you were e'en "The Dipsy King."

Arthur, am I not happy? yes!
We'll plight our vows to love for ever,
Ah, will you e'er love Bessy less?
Or can she e'er "Forget thee? never!"

She mark'd the love that eye express'd,
Brighter than e'en the stars above her,
When Arthur strain'd her to his breast,
And cried, "I love her! how I love her!"

My Arthur! let no jealous fear
Your confidence in me e'er smother;
Nor think when you return you'll hear,
That "They have given" me "to another."

Oh when you're gone, your voice will ring
Still in my ears so clear and mellow;
And I shall think I hear you sing
Beneath my window, "O, she is cicle."

And often when the sun has set,
Far from the busy world I'll flee;
Thinking of each sweet time we met,
"Under the tree, the greenwood tree."

Then let each anxious feeling rest,
I tell thee, dearest, most sincerely,
Truth still shall dwell within my breast,
Arthur, "I'll love thee ever dearly!"

And when (no more abroad to roam,)
Again on Britain's shores you stand,
I'll be the first to welcome home
My Arthur to this "Happy Land!"

And, oh! how happy we shall be!
My love will make me dutiful,
That love that once I pledged to thee,
" 'Twas in that garden beautiful!"

And then our transports who can tell
When once more through the woods we roam,
We'll view each glade, each hill and dell,
And visit "The Old House at Home."

The blush that mantles on my cheek
The rapture eloquently tells
That I shall feel, yet cannot speak,
While listening to our "Bridal Bells!"

L. A. M.

WATERLOO.

[For the Mirror.]

SOLDIERS, wake! the cannon's roar
Tells the Gallic foe's advance;
See, th' approaching host before,
Waves the lily-flag of France.

Hark! 'tis near—'tis here—and now
Britons to your cause be true,
Laurus for the Hero's brow
Grow for you at Waterloo!

When the sun has set to-night,
Where will be your bold array!
This will be a bloody fight!
Death will have a haunt to-day!

Woe shall be in many a heart,
Many a corse the plain shall strew,
Many a spirit shall depart,
On the field of Waterloo!

Forward, Britons—Fortune favours!
Forward, and the field is won;
See the foe already wroth;
Vict'ry! see—they run, they run—

Foremost of the routed host,
Wing'd with fear, Napoleon flew—
Such is Gallia's empty bosom!
Such her chief at Waterloo!

Now the bullet flies no more,
Joyful, comrades, let us meet,
Gladly, now the fight is o'er
Chief and comrade let us greet.

Ev'ry chief who nobly led
Let us hail with praises due,
Where is Picton?—With the dead,
On the field of Waterloo!

Many a comrade must we mourn,
This has been a day of Death!
Many a chief will ne'er return
To the land that gave him breath!

Where is Wellington the brave?
Wellington the bold and true?
Heav'n forbid he found a grave
On the field of Waterloo!

No—I see his eagle eye
Watch the wounded soldier's bed,
Dropping, where the corse lies,
Tears for friend or comrade dead:

In the thickest fight he rode,
Yet with never-changing hue,
Heav'n protected, safe he stood
On the field of Waterloo!

Glory to the Lord of Hosts!
To the bands of Britain's Fame!
Shame on Gallia's idle boasts,
— On her recreant chieftain's shame!

Ne'er was field more nobly won,
Never fame more justly due;
Never chief like Wellington—
Never field like Waterloo!

R. M.

THE PALAIS ROYAL.

There are few in the ever-varying tide of French population, that ebbs and flows so unceasingly through the narrow and splashy streets of Paris, who do not, at some period in the day, find themselves in the Palais Royal. Business, pleasure, *ennui* or distraction, alike lead them there. Nor is the difference in the grade or species of its visitors less remarkable than the particular periods of the day that call together these distinct classes in their various migrations.

Reader, do you know Paris! It is perhaps an insult to ask you, since we have few friends at present who have not rolled and tumbled and creaked their twelve hours in the Emerald or City of Boulogne; and subsequently yawned, and stretched their legs, and tried to fancy themselves asleep in the *coups* of the Aigle, Phenix, or Hironnelle, during the journey from nine in the morning, until half-past eight on the *lendemain*, (which period, at the office, they are pleased to term twenty hours.) We repeat, there are few who have not experienced these pleasures; but still, for the benefit of the two or three who have tarried at home, and who, in spite of the glowing descriptions of their travelled acquaintance, intend to do so, we will endeavour to present them with a slight sketch—a literary *Daguerrotype*—of the Palais Royal; and in tracing its peculiarities, we shall describe the principal features of the entire city, in whose most crowded part it forms so agreeable an oasis.

We will presume you have arrived at Paris—at Meurice's, if you have plenty of money, and wish to be thought *comme-il-faut*: at Lawson's, at the Bedford, if you would be equally comfortable at a less rate; and at one of the countless hotels in the neighbourhood of the Rue Castiglione, or Place Vendôme, if you are willing still to decrease your expenditure. Well, you need a *laquais de place*, and we offer our services willingly and gratuitously. Take our arm along the Rue St. Honoré, (that is, where the *trotoir* is wide enough for us to walk side by side—you must follow where it is not,) and after proceeding for a short distance in an easterly direction, we arrive at the Palais Royal. We pass through the external court, and traversing a colonnade of tobacconists, print-sellers, and chocolate shops, we leave the Gallerie d'Orléans on our right, and enter the Garden, properly so called. It comprises a handsome parallelogram, much longer, but not so wide as the court of Somerset House, enclosed by houses built in the best and most regular style of Regent Street architecture, having glittering shops under arcades on their ground floor, and separated from the square by light iron railings, passable at certain intervals. The area is laid out in elegant *parterres*, adorned with choice statues, and in the centre is a superb fountain. A quantity

of chairs are dispersed about the ground, for the use of those who choose to hire them, or read the newspapers, which are let out at those four small pavilions at each corner of the square. A group of small marble tables and seats under the trees against the west side, bespeak the situation of the favoured Café de Foy, where reports says, you can taste the best coffee in Paris. People the houses with restaurateurs, dentists, and ostimenets; sprinkle an animated and moving crowd in the garden; and you have an outline of the Palais Royal before you.

It is nine o'clock in the morning. There are few people as yet stirring in the square, except the mere *gens de passage*—those whom real business obliges to take this thoroughfare in their way from one part of the city to another. A few old men are listlessly reposing in the sun on the stone benches that are placed against the pilasters of the arcades, and several fresh looking *bonnes* are watching their charges from the same stations, as they are perpetually throwing their worsted balls, or *la grace* hoops, over the light iron fence that surrounds the flower beds. The cafés are as yet unoccupied, but the *garçons* are preparing for their guests; and although the *dame du comptoir* has not yet taken her seat, yet the little pewter trays are placed ready for the distribution of the pieces of sugar, and a crowd of small clear glasses are in readiness for those who choose their *petit verre*.

Presently the newspapers arrive at the Pavilions; and soon after the politicians enter the garden, one by one, and taking their favourite journal, gravely seat themselves upon one of the chairs beneath the trees, and are immediately lost in the speculations of the *Siècle*, the *Press*, or the *National*. The *Charivari* and the *Corsaire* find few readers at these steady Cabinets de Lecture—they are in greater request some hour or two later in cafés, when the visitors begin to assemble for their breakfast, which with them is an operation of an hour and a half. A few actors may now be seen, assembling in small groups on the left of the Café de la Rotonde, at the Rue Vivienne extremity of the area, and they are canvassing the merits of the last new melodrama at the Ambigu Comique, or the last vaudeville at the Variétés. You may recognize them by their shabby genteel appearance, which balances between the costume of the *Chausée d'Antin*, and the cheap restaurant of Quartier Latin. Neither do they wear whiskers, but keep their cheeks carefully shaved, the better to accommodate their occasional false beard and mustachios à la *moyen âge*, so much in vogue now in the Paris theatricals.

Bang! what a sudden explosion! Is it an *émute*, or an infernal machine! Do not be alarmed; it is exactly noon, and the sun has fired that small mortar on the pedestal in the southern *parterre*, by means of a lens. See

with what eagerness those old men with the slip of red ribbon in their button-hole, proceed to set their watches. They have held them in their hands for the last ten minutes, and now they are comparing notes with one another as to what quantity of time each has lost or gained since yesterday, provided of course that yesterday was a fine day, and that the sun shone brightly at noon; an occurrence that does not always happen, even in Paris.

From this time the arcades begin to fill with loungers, and perhaps more especially with foreign visitors like ourselves. Look at that couple who are intently regarding the glittering display in the jeweller's shop, where the inscription, "English spoken here," has arrested their attention. There is no mistake likely to be made in an opinion of what nation they belong to. The gentleman has a very high collar to his broad-tailed coat; his trousers are loppety, and devoid of straps; his boots are heavy, and square toed; and his hat has a brim thick enough to form a dozen Parisian ones. Ten to one that he will enter the shop without the usual courtesy of touching his hat to the *marchande*, and doubtless he will be made to pay in proportion to his want of politeness. The lady, his companion, is elegantly and expensively dressed, but she wants *tournure*, and her shawl is hung on, rather than put on, "*Qu'elle est drôlement mise, cette Anglaise la!*" observes the little trimly-clad grisette, who passes at the moment, with a smile and a stare. The purchase is completed, after much haggling in delicious English-French, and our country-woman, taking the arm of her cavalier, sails out of the shop, little conscious that she has been the cause of a remark from a grisette—a pretty *repasseuse*—who, earning two francs a day, nevertheless contrives to dance every *jour de fête*, in a *mousselin de laine*, at the *Chauvière* or *Prado*; and would be sorry to exchange her own plain but exquisitely fitting dress, for the badly arranged, and withal costly, *toilette* of the Englishwoman.

As afternoon advances, the living tide of populace thickens, and from four to six, the noble *Gallerie d'Orléans* is thronged with promenaders, for that is the chief rendezvous of the Parisians, when they form an appointment. Some *flâneurs*, to be sure, are merely walking up and down for want of something to do, or to admire their trousers in the looking-glasses that face the pilasters which divide the shops; but the majority are bent upon one point, and that is—dinner, to which they incline with the appetite of Gargantua. Where shall we go? Name your price, dear reader, and we will market for you to the best advantage, for we have dined at the *Rocher de Cancale*, in the *Rue Montorgueil*, for sixteen francs a head, and at *Viot's*, in the *Rue de la Harpe*, for sixteen sous. *Verrey's* is opposite to us, and so is *Vefour's*, but they are expensive. The *Trois*

Freres Provinciaux, on the other side of the *Rotonde*, is the same, and they are over fond of garlic in their dishes; but the wine there is delicious. On each side, we find a crowd of restaurateurs, all at the same price. We have *Hurbain*, and *Follet*, and *Richard*, and *Richafen*, and *Courty*, and—but here is certainly choice enough. Let us enter the last named, *Aux deus Freres*, in the *Gallerie de Valois*, and I am sure we shall fare well. For our two francs a-piece, we shall have a *potage*, four plates at our choice, from the *carte* of nearly two hundred dishes, *pain à discretion*, dessert, and a half-bottle of *vieux Macon en Chablis*;—you surely cannot grumble at this. Julian gives us a nod of civil recognition as we enter the room, and immediately after brings us our bread, wine, and napkins, and waits for our commands. We will, if you please, commence with *Potage aux croustons*, and we will ask for white wine as it has a less chance of adulteration than the others. Next we will order *Tête de veau en Tortue*, which they dress very well here. Then we will have in succession, *Canard aux Navets*, *Soll au gratin*, and *Beignets de Pêches*, and for dessert, some delicious *Raisins de Fontainebleau*. Let them rail as they like at home about "French living," and ask you on your return, with an air of doubt, "whether you liked it, or if it agreed with you?" Where, we would know, could you dine like this in London, for a like sum, or in a similar style of splendour! You may, to be sure, satisfy the mere cravings of your appetite, at even a less cost, with large sixpenny plates from coarse joints at the London eating-houses; but for a cheap, and we may add, elegant dinner, Paris stands alone.

We will now leave the restaurant, and cross over to take our *démittasse* at the *Café de Foy, à la belle étoile*. How crowded now is the *Garden*! The fountain, too, which has reposed in conscious dignity all the morning, has begun to throw out finely spreading jets of waters, and excites much mirth, as the wind carries the spray amongst the little children who are playing about the basin, whilst their mothers are seated on the perpetual rush-bottomed chairs, watching the pastimes, and, in common with our own countrywomen, perpetrating Berlin worsted work in all sorts of forms and patterns. The *garçons*, at the *Cafés*, are now on their metal. Their hair is sprucely dressed, their aprons of undeniable whiteness, and the air with which they pour out the Cognac, until it runs over and forms a *lain-pied*, is inimitable.

As evening draws on, the vast *Salons* of the *Estammets d'Hollandais* and de l'*Univers*, are elegantly illuminated. The stroke of billiard balls, the shouts of markers, the "*bien joué!*" of lookers on, the rattling of dominoes on the marble tables, and the confused buzz of revelling voices, resound on every side. All is noise, glare, and excitement. The *Cafés* glitter with innumerable lights, reflected from

the mirrors in all quarters, and the strains of perambulating harp and guitar players, are heard from their open doors—the shops display their most elegant wares—the arcades are crowded with loiterers, and the *ensemble* presents a scene of combined luxury, amusement, industry, and dissipation, that can only be found in the Palais Royal. ALBERT.

YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

THE conception of the "Night Thoughts" for a didactic poem, is unutterably grand. An aged and bereaved mourner stands alone with the dead—the grave his scene—the night his canopy—and time, death, eternity—the darkest, the loftiest objects of human hope and human intellect, supply his only themes. Here, in this spot, and at this hour, commencing his strain with a majesty worthy of its aims and end, he calls upon

"Silence and Darkness, solemn sisters, twins
From ancient Night, who nurse the tender thought
To reason, and on Reason build resolve,
That column of true majesty in man!
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave—
The Grave, your kingdom—"

Following the course of the sombre inspiration that he adjures, he then passes in a vast review before him, in the presence of the Stars, and above the slumbers of the dead, the pomps and glories of the world—the veiled and shadowy forms of Hope—the dim host of Memory—

"The Spirit walks of each departed Hour,
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns—"

Standing upon the grave—the creations of two worlds are round him, and the grey hairs of the mourner become touched with the halo of the prophet. It is the time and spot he has chosen wherein to teach us, that dignify and consecrate the lesson: it is not the mere human and earthly moral that gathers on his tongue. The conception hallows the work, and sustains its own majesty in every change and wandering of the verse. And there is this greatness in his theme—dark, terrible, severe—Hope never deserts it! It is a deep and gloomy wave, but the stars are glassed upon its bosom. The more sternly he questions the World, the more solemnly he refers its answer to Heaven. Our bane and antidote are both before him; and he only arraigns the things of Time before the tribunal of Eternity. It is this, which, to men whom grief or approaching death can divest of the love and hankerings of the world, leaves the great monitor his majesty, but deprives him of his gloom. Convinced with him of the vanities of life, it is not an ungracious or unsoothing melancholy which confirms us in our conviction, and points with a steady hand to the divine SOMETHING that awaits us beyond:—

"The darkness aiding intellectual light,
And sacred silence whispering truths divine,
And truths divine converting pain to peace."

I know not whether I should say too much of this great poem, if I should call it a fit

appendix to the "PARADISE LOST." It is the Consolation to that Complaint. Imagine the ages to have rolled by since our first parents gave earth to their offspring, who sealed the gift with blood, and bequeathed it to us with toil:—imagine, after all that experience can teach—after the boarded wisdom and the increasing pomp of countless generations—an old man, one of that exiled and fallen race, standing among the tombs of his ancestors, telling us their whole history, in his appeals to the living heart, and holding out to us, with trembling hands, the only comfort which earth has yet discovered for its cares and sorrows—the anticipation of Heaven! To me, that picture completes all that Milton began. It sums up the Human History, whose first chapter he had chronicled; it preacheth the great issues of the Fall; it shows that the burning light then breathed into the soul, lives there still; it consummates the mysterious record of our mortal sadness and our everlasting hope. But if the conception of the "Night Thoughts" be great, it is also uniform and sustained. The vast wings of the Inspiration never slacken or grow fatigued. Even the humours and conceits are of a piece with the solemnity of the poem—like the grotesque masks carved on the walls of a Cathedral, which defy the strict laws of taste, and almost inexplicably harmonize with the whole. The sorrow, too, of the poet, is not egotistical, or weak in its repining. It is the Great One Sorrow common to all human nature—the deep and wise regret that springs from an intimate knowledge of our being, and the scene in which it has been cast. That same knowledge, operating on various minds, produces various results. In Voltaire it sparkled into wit; in Goëthe, it deepened into a humour that belongs to the sublime; in Young, it generated the same high and profound melancholy as that which excited the inspirations of the Son of Sirach, and the soundest portion of the philosophy of Plato. It is, then, the conception of the poem, and its sustained flight, which entitle it to so high a rank in our literature. Turn from it to any other didactic poem, and you are struck at once by the contrast—you are amazed at once by its greatness. "The Seasons" shrink into a mere pastoral; "The Essay on Man" becomes French and artificial; even the "Excursion" of Wordsworth, has, I know not what, of childish and garrulous, the moment it is forced into comparison with the solemn and stern majesty of the "Night Thoughts."—*The New Phædo*.

MAN'S KNOWLEDGE OF HIMSELF.

MAN upon this earth would be vanity and hollowness, dust and ashes, vapour and a bubble, were it not that he felt himself to be so. That it is possible for him to harbour such a feeling, this, by implying a comparison of himself with something higher in himself, this it is which makes him the immortal creature that he is.

ROYAL CHRISTENINGS.

(Stripped from Miss Strickland's Account.)

Edward I., the conqueror of Wales and Scotland, was the first prince who was baptized in Westminster Abbey, after it was rebuilt by his father, Henry III., who, in honour of the industrious founder of that noble pile, bestowed the national and popular name of Edward on his heir, a name above all others endeared to the people by the remembrance of the mild virtues and paternal laws of Edward the Confessor.

Edward II. had his christening solemnized after a ruder fashion, amidst the rocky fastnesses of the conquered but unsubmitting mountains of Wales, surrounded by the steel-clad followers of his royal sire, and the wild chieftains of the land, who had unwittingly consented to receive for their prince a native of their own country, who should not be able to speak a word of English or French. They reluctantly imprinted the kiss of homage on the soft cheek of the infant Plantagenet, to whom the faithful Eleanor, the consort of the victorious Edward, had just given birth in the Eagle Tower of Caernarvon Castle.

Edward III. had his baptismal rites celebrated in a highly auspicious hour; for he came like a dove of peace to heal the deadly quarrel between the insurgent barons of England and their angry sovereign, and to prove, for a blessed interval, the sweet bond of union between his estranged parents. This prince was born at Windsor, on the 13th of November, and four days afterwards was baptized with great splendour in the old chapel of St. Edward. The uncle of Queen Isabella and the rest of the French nobles who were at the court of his royal parents, were urgent with the king to allow his heir to be called Louis, but the English nobles, always averse to a foreign name, insisted that the princely boy should be baptized by none other than that of Edward. The ceremony was performed by the Cardinal Arnold, and the infant prince had no less than seven godfathers, but there is not the name of one godmother recorded.

Edward the Black Prince, the fourth royal heir of England of the same popular name, and who afterwards even transcended his mighty father's fame, was born and christened in the sylvan bowers of Woodstock, where Edward III. and his youthful consort, Philippa, then resided in almost domestic retirement. No extraordinary splendour marked the baptismal rites of this illustrious prince, but it is recorded that his infant beauty and strength astonished every one who saw him, and that he was entrusted to no meaner nurse than his royal mother, the Queen of England, who nourished him at her own bosom.

Richard II., the son of Edward the Black Prince, was born and christened in a foreign land.

Henry VI. was christened at Windsor with peculiar splendour. His godfathers were his renowned uncle John, Duke of Bedford, and Henry Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester. He was presented at the baptismal font by Jacqueline, Countess of Hainault, who was familiarly designated by Henry V. as Dame Jake.*

Edward V.'s christening was solemnized under circumstances romantic and afflicting. This fair boy first saw the light in the Jerusalem chamber in Westminster Abbey, which Thomas Milling, the friendly Abbot of Westminster, had compassionately resigned for the accommodation of the afflicted queen of Edward IV., when, in her terror and sore distress, she, with her three little daughters, her mother, and the Lady Scrope, fled from the Tower by water, on the approach of the victorious Lancastrians, and, landing at Westminster, entered her name as a sanctuary woman, and there awaited the expected hour when she was destined to bring into the world the first-born son of her fugitive king and husband. No cloth of gold arrayed the ancient gothic font of hewn stone, round which the little band of fond and faithful friends was gathered, by whom the infant prince was brought to his christening; for the rite was performed with no greater pomp than if he had been the son of a private individual. His godmothers were the old Duchess of Bedford, his grandmother, and the Lady Scrope, his mother's faithful attendant. The kind abbot charitably performed the office of godfather to the new-born heir of England, no other man being at hand who would venture to render the desolate child of sanctuary that service.

Queen Elizabeth's christening was the most splendid and elaborate in its details that was ever accorded to a princess of England; and also of every ceremonial of the kind on record, the most striking scene, perhaps, was acted at the midnight christening of Edward VI., in the chapel of Hampton Court.

Charles II. was the first royal heir of England who was christened in this realm in the

* The birth and christening of the only son of Henry VI. took place at a period when his royal sire was suffering under a severe malady of the brain, attended with total aberration of reason. The infant prince was born on St. Edward's day, and baptized by that name with great pomp in Westminster Abbey. The ceremony was performed by the pious Waynflete, Bishop of Winchester, his father's most beloved friend and counsellor. The Duke of Somerset, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Duchess of Buckingham, were the sponsors. The font was arrayed in russet cloth of gold and surrounded by a blaze of tapers. The chryson, or christening mantle, in which the royal babe was received after his immersion, cost 55*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.*, and we learn from the issue rolls that it was very rich with embroidery of pearls and precious stones. Within this stately mantle was a fine white linen wrapper, to prevent the brocade and gems from coming in contact with the delicate skin of the new-born prince. Ten duchesses, eight countesses, one viscountess, and sixteen baronesses, received writs of summons to be present at the churching festival of the queen's mother.

Protestant faith, according to the forms prescribed in the beautiful baptismal service of the liturgy of our church. He was baptized in the chapel-royal of St. James's palace.

The last royal christening of great importance in the annals of this country, was that of her present gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, at Kensington Palace; and it is supposed that the christening of her daughter the Princess Royal will vie in regal splendour with that of its royal mother.

RIGHT.

WHAT IS RIGHT!—Everybody knows, but nobody can tell. It is a grand secret—the most wonderful secret in the world; for it is a secret that everybody keeps, and nobody divulges. The best definition we have ever heard of it, is, that what's right is right. Attempting to go no farther than this, we get into the Indian philosopher's notion of the elephant and tortoise. The truth is, that in looking after an abstract, eternal principle of right, we are like the man who hunted about with a candle and lantern for a mathematical line—a thing all length, and without breadth or thickness; "for," quoth he, "if the whole science of mathematics depends upon lines, will you tell me that there is no such thing to be found as a mathematical line?" The thing is too close for us to see it distinctly, and it plagues us as the painted fly on the parson's spectacles. So that what we cannot get at by the light of day, we go hunting about for with the candle of metaphysics. And what is metaphysical research, after all, but poking about with a farthing rushlight in a dark room, to find that there is nothing to be found.

We have heard of the *right* of private judgment—ay, to be sure, everybody has the right of publicly expressing or acting upon his private judgment. A man may go to Constantinople, and shut himself up in a quiet apartment, and think that Mahomet was an arch impostor, and that his disciples are a set of noodles. He may exercise the right of private judgment, but if he make his judgment public, they of Constantinople will soon make him cry *peccavi*. But have the Constantinopolitans any right to punish him? Is it not right that everybody should have the right to say what he will concerning any abstract question? Ay, there's the rub.

What's right is right—of that there can be no doubt; but the grand question is, "Is the right a right right?"

We wish we could lay our hands on Tooke's *Divisions of Purley*; but we cannot, and we must try what recollection will do. Tooke derives *right* from *rectus*, ruled. Now, that ought to end the dispute at once; but it did not in Tooke's quarto, and it will not by our quotation. If a rule be made, conformity to that rule is right. Abstract right is ab-

stract moonshine. Right implies, and cannot exist without, a standard. A general standard for all particulars cannot be found, because all those who might search after the general standard, are hampered by the prejudices of particulars. Antecedent to law; there could be no rights, and only as long as the laws exist, do those rights exist which are founded on them. Laws could not, or more accurately speaking, would not, be made, if there were no power of enforcing obedience; law, therefore, is founded on power; right is founded on law; and all that we can say to the contrary, notwithstanding, *might makes right*. We have a right to shoot birds, for birds will not hang us for so doing; we have no right to shoot men, for men will hang us for so doing. Had Alexander Selkirk any rights on the island of Juan Fernandez? He had a right to everything; to all the birds that he could catch, but no more. He was

"Monarch of all he surveyed,
His right there was none to dispute."

But suppose five hundred able-bodied men, with their women and children, had landed on the same island—what would have become of his rights then? He might have talked metaphysics to them, but if they were hungry they would not have heeded his metaphysics, and would soon have made a code of laws for themselves; and what then would Alexander have done?—he would have been monarch no longer.

SIDON.

The following extract is from a letter written by an officer belonging to the *Thunderer*, to his brother in London:—"Sidon is a most extraordinary town. The streets will hardly admit of three persons walking a-breast, and they are nearly all arched over, which renders the town in many places bomb-proof; they are also very short, and go off at right angles, so that if the Egyptians had not been paralyzed, (which they certainly were,) they might have killed every one of the besiegers from the houses which command the whole of the streets. The marines met with a good deal of resistance in taking the castle in the town, but when they came to the charge, the Egyptians fled in dismay. In many places, the marines were obliged to burst open the doors of the houses and force the people out. Such a miserable body of troops I never saw; they appeared more like slaves than soldiers, and they were all weak and sickly-looking beings. I went through the town on the following morning, and witnessed a most deplorable spectacle: dead bodies lying in the streets covered with blood, and flies in myriads around them; wounded men groaning in their agony; houses and shops deserted; doors and windows battered in, immense holes in the walls from the shot and shells of the ships, rubbish and stones lying in the streets, articles of merchandize (chiefly tobacco,) strewed

about, and swords and muskets in every quarter. The smell was sickening. Now, however, everything is quiet; the inhabitants have returned to their shattered abodes, shops are open, the dead bodies have been removed to the grave, and the wounded to the hospital. I visited the hospital, and the scene presented there was of the most dreadful description. The Egyptian governor, after taking the oaths of allegiance to the Porte, was re-elected, and our men and the Austrians are busy clearing away the rubbish and fortifying the castle, and now, I may say, we can defy the strongest enemy. An addition of 10,000 troops to the Turkish army is expected in Syria. We need no assistance from the Russians; everything can be accomplished without them. 100 Egyptians will fly before a handful of marines. It is astonishing the estimation in which Englishmen are held in this country."

DINNER AT A HONG MERCHANT'S HOUSE.

On dinner being announced, we were conducted to a circular table, and each of us prepared with a pair of ivory chopsticks, mounted with silver, a silver ladle, with the handle much curved, a small cup of soy, a saucer or stand for the bowls out of which we were to eat, and an elegant silver cup, richly gilt, with two handles, mounted on a stand of similar material, and resembling in form an inverted saucer.

This cup was used for drinking *suey-sung*, the wine of the country, and did not contain more than the old-fashioned Chinese tea-cup; but, after drinking the health of one of the party, it was usual to turn the inside of the cup towards him, to show that it was empty.

The wine was presented to us boiling hot, and our cups replenished at every remove.

In addition to the above, each European was supplied with a knife and fork, and some bread.

The table was laid out with eight small dishes, containing articles to whet the appetite, such as cold dried pork, called *chin-chew*, grated so fine, that it resembled red-coloured wool; some chips of dried salt fish and hain, roast chicken, cut into small pieces shaped like dice; pig's tongue; salt fish, torn into shreds like flax; legs of ducks, cured in the same manner as hams; and a salad, composed of greens, onions, garlic, salt-fish, and eggs, mixed up with tea-oil.

These delicacies were cold, remaining on the table throughout the entertainment, and were paid uncommon attention to by the Chinese, at every opportunity afforded them by the removal of the bowls.

The dinner commenced with a large bowl of bird's nest soup,* from which each person helped himself.

* For an engraving and description of the nests which constitute this favourite Chinese dish, see our last number of the *Mirror*, p. 329.

The second dish was shark's-fin soup, with portions of crab.

After the soups came stewed mutton; this was followed by roasted pigeon's eggs.

Next came roast pork, roast capons, stewed veal and pigeons, mushrooms, and a variety of other dishes; and, lastly, a bowl of rice, as hot as possible.

WONDERFUL CLOCKS.

Two very extraordinary clocks were, some time since, presented by the East India Company to the Emperor of China, being entirely manufactured by English artists. They were in the form of chariots, each of which contained a lady seated, leaning her right hand on a part of the chariot, under which was a clock little larger than a shilling, that struck, repeated, and went for eight days without requiring to be wound up. A bird was on the lady's finger, finely modelled, and set with diamonds and rubies, with its wings expanded as if to fly, and which was made to flutter for a considerable time on touching a diamond button. The body of this curious bird, in which were the wheels that animated it, was less than the sixteenth part of an inch. In the lady's left hand was a golden tube, with a small round box on the top, to which was fixed a circular ornament set in diamonds, which went round in three hours. A double umbrella was over the lady's head, supported by a small fluted pillar, and under which was a bell that struck the hour, though apparently unconnected with the clock; and at the lady's feet was a golden dog, before which were two birds, set with precious stones, and apparently flying away with the chariot, which, from another secret motion, is contrived to run in any direction, while a boy appears to push it forward. There were also flowers, ornaments, and a flying dragon, all set with precious stones, or formed of them, and the rest was made of gold most curiously executed, and presenting a wonderful specimen of ingenuity and talent.

HERMIONE PURPLE.

A PRETTY correct conception may be acquired of the value of this imperial-tinted cloth formerly, from the circumstance that when Alexander took possession of the city of Susa, and of its enormous treasures, among other things there were found five thousand quintals of Hermione purple, the finest in the world, which had been treasured up there during the space of 190 years; notwithstanding which, its beauty and lustre was by no means diminished. Some idea may be formed of the prodigious value of this store, from the fact that this purple was sold at the rate of 100 crowns a pound, and the quintal is a hundred-weight of Paris.



GOFF'S OAK.

The Monarch Oak, the Patriarch of the Trees,
Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow degrees;
Three centuries he grows, and three he stays,
Supreme in state; and in three more decays.

Dryden.

ABOUT five miles beyond Enfield, through Bull's Cross, and about the same distance from the Railroad Station, at Waltham, stands, on Cheshunt Common, Goff's Oak; a formidable rival, and, certainly, a survivor, of the far-famed Fairlop Oak, which, not many years since, was cut down in the Forest of Hainault.—A respectable public-house is now within a few yards of the oak. Its predecessor was burnt down in 1814—a tablet over the porch recording this event—

"J. C. 1814. J. C.

The Original House
was burnt down
the 13th of September,
1814."

The traditional history of this tree, inscribed under a rude drawing of the oak at the inn, is, that the oak was planted in the year 1066, by Sir Theodore Godfrey, or Goff, who came over with William the Conqueror; and it is not improbable that some neighbouring lands, called Cuffley, belonged to this person, at that time.

The dimensions of the oak are very considerable, being 20 ft. in girth 3 ft. from the ground; the trunk is hollow, and several persons can stand in the cavity which time has made. This venerable tree is not generally known, the drive to the spot is truly delightful, and few would regret the time spent in its examination, especially in these

days, when an accurate knowledge of the ancient and true British oak may lead to a great improvement in the plantations, forests, and shipping of the United Kingdom.

The following lines are from the pen of a talented Correspondent:—

THE MONSTER OAK.

I was rooted and bound, in the marble ground
And my trunk grew bulky and free,
Through my branches strong, rushed the hurricane—

Of the trumpeter tempest's gloom;
The Zephyr's young sigh, and the Boreas blast,
Fell alike on my giant-made form;
Though tost to and fro, by the alec and the snow,
Still I scoffed at the sun-stroke and storm.

Years passed—but I gallantly still grew on,
Yea, mightier day by day;
Spite of buffetings sore, and the fire-bolt's roar,
I should live, I methought me, for aye;
But a scourging tempest ran riot one day,
Armed high with its perilsous thunder—
The electric shell on my venture fell,
And clove my trunk asunder.

And now I lie in the forest wide,
A branchless wreck and blasted;
Who years ago was the Ranger's pride,
And he loved me while I lasted.
But now am I utterly all forgot,
Since struck by the lightning's stroke—
Save the hunter who chances to hail the spot,
None thinks of the Monster Oak.

F. GAZARD.

RETROSPECTIVE TRACINGS OF STERNE'S CELEBRATED JOURNEY.

Calais.

In January and March, 1825, appeared in the "London Magazine and Review," an admirable paper, tracing Mr. Sterne through Calais, Montreal, Paris, and Versailles, exhibiting the warmest admiration of "his genius, his wit, his pathos, his acute and masterly sketching of character." It will be painful to me to be obliged to abbreviate, or to omit, any part of this delightful paper. I could have wished to have given my reader the whole of this fascinating tribute to Mr. Sterne's memory. I am sorry therefore to dispirit even a line of this interesting review, but must, however, only quote a detached part:—

"Having finished my dinner, I sent for mine host. '*Monsieur Dessin*,' said I, 'I have journeyed all the way from Paris to Calais for the express purpose of making some inquiries concerning Sterne. You have heard of him, perhaps?' 'Heard of him!' ejaculated he, at the same time pulling off his fur cap; then adding, with a low bow, and a look of extraordinary complacency, 'Sir, I have the honour to be grandson to the great man whom your illustrious countryman, *Monsieur Sterne d'Yorick*, has rendered so famous by his admirable *Voyage Sentimental*.' 'Then, *Monsieur Dessin*, I trust to your complaisance for the information I require.'

"The *Hotel Dessin* retains but few vestiges of its ancient appearance. Here, too, the accursed spirit of improvement has been at work: it is now merely one of the most comfortable inns in Europe.

"I trembled whilst I listened to the accounts of the family prosperity; for, at each stage of aggrandisement, some trace or relic of my favourite was threatened with destruction. *Monsieur Dessin* perceived this,—'*Ne craignez rien, Monsieur*. No material changes have taken place since *Monsieur Sterne's* visit (the hard-hearted Frenchman thought nothing of the *Remise Door*!); I will even show you the very room he occupied!!!'

"But now to 'the very room,'—*Monsieur Dessin* very politely led the way into the garden. 'The room, Sir,' said he, 'is No. 31, and *Monsieur Sterne d'Yorick*, being a studious man, my grandfather selected that particular apartment for him, on account of its quiet: *on n'y entend que les oiseaux*.' On the outside of the door, is painted, in large characters, STERNE'S CHAMBER. A portrait of Sterne—a fine impression of the large mezzotinto after Sir Joshua—which occupied a prominent place, conjured up images that instantly overpowered the faculty of vision, as applied to the unpoetical objects before me. I saw Yorick at dinner, upon a fricassee chicken and a bottle of burgundy; I saw him kick aside his portmanteau; I saw father Lorenzo enter that very door: I saw—Heaven knows how much more I might have

seen if an unlucky qualm had not come over me. I must needs doubt; I must needs be inquisitive, and be hanged to me!—'Pray, *Monsieur Dessin*, is this apartment in nearly the same state as when Sterne was its tenant?'—'*C'est absolument la même chose, Monsieur*.'—'And pray, *Monsieur Dessin*, what evidence have you to prove even that this was the apartment?' 'The evidence is traditional: the waiter who attended *Monsieur Sterne d'Yorick* died no longer than two or three years ago.' 'He must have been very old,' said I doubtfully. '*C'est égal, Monsieur*.' But *Monsieur Dessin*, perceiving that it was not altogether *égal* to me, said he could produce one proof of the authenticity of Sterne's chamber, sufficient to set all doubts at rest—the date of the erection of the building was sculptured immediately beneath the window. The whole of the edifice being overgrown by a prodigious vine, a man was sent up a ladder to cut away that part of it which concealed the important stone. '*Ah! ha! nous voilà*!' exclaimed *Monsieur Dessin* triumphantly. I looked, when lo! there appeared, in astounding numerals, the date 1770!

"This was a most unlucky discovery. Mine host, who expected nothing less than the unconditional surrender to him of all my doubts, soon perceived (to use a play-house phrase) that there was a hitch in the scenery. '*Eh! bien, Monsieur?*'—'*Eh! bien, Monsieur Dessin*, this particular part of your hotel was not ushered into its brick-and-mortar existence until 1770; and *Monsieur Sterne d'Yorick*, as you are pleased to call him, was quietly lying in his grave in 1768!' '*Sacristi! c'est bien mal-à-propos!*' but, Sir, do not imagine that I intended to deceive you—I am incapable of such an act—I repeat nothing more than I have heard from others—that rascally waiter upon whose veracity I depended!' I assured *Monsieur Dessin* that I imputed no blame to him. '*Monsieur, ne me croyez pas charlatan; je ne le suis pas, je vous le jure*. You have decided that Sterne could not have occupied this room; and to convince you that I have no interest in countenancing the error which has so long existed, do you give yourself the trouble to examine the house, and any other room you may please to select, shall, for the future, be STERNE'S CHAMBER.'

I cannot refrain from lengthening the above, by an extract from a spirited topographical account of France, by De Villars, published in 1816:—'*La plus belle maison de la ville est la fameuse auberge connue sous le nom d'Hotel-Dessin, et tenue aujourd'hui par M. M. Quillac et Duplessis, qui, après quinze ans de stagnation, l'ont remise sur le pied brillant où elle était avant la révolution. C'est un immense bâtiment, où se trouvent réunis, avec toutes les ressources d'une auberge, tous les genres d'agrément que peut offrir une villa à des voyageurs, notamment la poste aux chevaux, des bains publics, une salle de spectacle, un superbe jardin, etc.* Le

merite particulier de cet hôtel renommé dans toute l'Europe, ne détruit pas celui des autres auberges de Calais, dont plusieurs sont encore fort bonnes."

Montreuil.

"I need scarcely remind my readers (I am quoting from the before quoted pleasing paper) that it was here Sterne hired La Fleur. Every inn in the place asserts a claim to the honour of having been the scene of that event. . . . I will not drag my reader about with me to all the little inns in Montreuil, but take him at once to the *Hôtel de la Cour de France*, which I pronounce to be that where Yorick and La Fleur became first acquainted. Every point of evidence is in its favour. The first aspect of this inn, is by no means inviting, though it must have been a house of very considerable pretensions half a century ago. But, to me, it appeared to possess more elevated claims to respect, than the most magnificent hotel in all France. It is not altogether safe to rely on the grave assertion of the waiter, that Sterne honoured them with his express permission to insert in their cards of address, 'Sterne's favourite house.' But we have 'proof more relative than this.' The *auberge* is the oldest in the town—it was the only one of any importance existing at the period of Yorick's journey; and has been kept *de pere en fils*, (that is to say, in the same family) by *Varennes*, from that time to this. It may happen that some of my readers, should they travel the same road, might think it worth their while to visit the undoubted scene of the '*Tant pis pour Mademoiselle Janatone*, (the landlord's, old *Varennes*'s, daughter),' and the first introduction of *La Fleur*; so, to guard them against mistake, I take leave to present them with the card of

VARENNES,
HOTEL DE LA COUR DE FRANCE,
A Côté de la Poste aux Chevaux,
MONTREUIL.
STERNE'S FAVOURITE HOUSE."

In Mr. Davis's *Olio*, are "Notitia respecting Sterne and his valet La Fleur." From this, we find that La Fleur, after surmounting poverty and many difficulties, made his way to Montreuil, where he introduced himself to Varennes, who, fortunately, took a fancy to him, and promised to get him a master; and as he deemed the best not better than La Fleur merited, he promised to recommend him to an *Milord Anglois*, and he introduced him to Sterne, ragged as a colt, but full of health and hilarity.

Namport.

Mr. Davis observes, "that the dead ass was no invention. The mourner was as sim-

ple and affecting as Sterne has related. La Fleur recollected the circumstance perfectly. No one could have painted this scene, but Mr. Sterne." The late admirable Mr. Mathews, thus speaks of this place:—"Sterne's Namport, a little dirty town, which is much more indebted for its celebrity to one dead ass, than many cities are for thousands of living ones." In 1816, came out the "*Itinéraire Descriptif*" of De Villiers, and he thus mentions it:—"Namport est un village aussi peu considerable que Nouvion, et divisé en deux parties; c'est dans la première, qu'on relate on y trouve une auberge passable."

Amiens.

Was the scene of La Fleur's visit to the hotel of Madame Lamberti. She, who had won him to her interest by her "unprotected look of distress. Here, too, the very celebrated letter was written. "I have already expressed my belief (says the above first-quoted writer) that every adventure related in the *Journey* (highly embellished as it may be) is founded on fact, and every initial alludes to a real personage." Some one else justly says:—"that in this *Journey*, Sterne tells us more of the character of the French nation, in two small volumes, than all that modern travellers have done put together."

(To be concluded in our next.)

* What must Mr. Sterne, or millions of other persons have felt, if he or they had read the following poignant remark of M^{onsieur} de Voltaire on some hospital surgeons having dissected a living dog:—"Des barbares saisissent ce chien, qui l'emporte si prodigieusement sur l'homme, en amitié; ils le clouent sur une table; ils le dissèquent vivant, pour le montrer les veines méziques. Tu découvres dans lui, tous les mêmes organes de sentiment qui sont dans toi." Before this dog was nailed to the table, M^{onsieur} de Voltaire observes, that this same dog might have lost his master, "qu'il la cherche dans tous les chemins, avec des cris douloureux, qu'il entre dans la maison, agite, inquiet, qui descend, qui monte, qui va de chambre en chambre, qui trouve enfin dans son cabinet le maître qu'il aime, et qui lui témoigne sa joie, par la douceur de ses cris, par ses sauts, par ses caresses." The following commendable letter appeared in the *Times* of the 8th of August last, directed to its editor:—

Sir,—The following shameful affair "came off," as the phrase is, yesterday evening, at Jackson's grounds. An Irishman, of the name of Burke, of some notoriety for another similar feat in riding two horses from London to Hereford three or four years ago, backed a horse to go twenty miles over twenty hurdles within an hour. The poor animal accomplished the jumps and nineteen miles of the distance within the time, and was then dead beat, scarcely able to move or stand, and in such distress that a skilful farrier, to whom I am indebted for the information, was of opinion that he could scarcely survive the night, the horse was not previously trained for the work, but purchased out of an omnibus a day or two previously.

Surely some means must exist of checking such infamous brutality. At all events, your known humanity will induce you to hold it up to public reprobation.

I am, Sir, yours obediently.

G. S.

Phænomena of Nature.

AVOIDANCE OF RAINS AND STORMS.

As air cannot move upwards without coming under diminished pressure, and as it must thus expand and grow cooler, and consequently form cloud, any cause which produces an up-moving column of air, whether that cause be natural or artificial, will produce rain, when the complement of the dew point is small, and the air calm below and above, and the upper part of the atmosphere of its ordinary temperature.

Volcanoes, therefore, under favourable circumstances, will produce rain—sea-breezes, which blow inwards every day towards the centre of islands, especially if these islands have in them high mountains, which will prevent any upper current of air from bending the up-moving current of air out of the perpendicular, before it rises high enough to form cloud, such as Jamaica, will produce rain every day—great cities, where very much fuel is burnt, in countries where the complement of the dew point is small, such as Manchester and Liverpool, will frequently produce rain—even battles, and accidental fires, if they occur under favourable circumstances, may sometimes be followed by rain.

Let all these favourable circumstances be watched for in time of drought, (and they can only occur then,) and let the experiment be tried; if it should be successful, the result would be highly beneficial to mankind. It might probably prevent the occurrence of those destructive tornadoes which produce such devastation in the United States; for if rains should be produced at regular intervals, of no great duration, the steam power in the air might thus be prevented from rising high enough to produce any storm of destructive character.

Independently of its utility to the farmer, it would be highly useful to the mariner in the following way:—As the very time and place of the commencement of the rain would be known, it would be easy to find out in what direction from the place of beginning it moved along the surface of the earth, and also its velocity of motion, and the shape that it assumed from time to time in its progress.

Now this knowledge is the principal thing wanting to enable the mariner, who has the power of locomotion, to direct his vessel, so when one of these great storms comes near him, as to use as much wind in the borders of the storm as will suit the purposes of navigation—for heaven undoubtedly makes the wind blow for his use, and not for his destruction, provided he becomes acquainted with the laws to which it is subject. From the preceding principles, he will be able to know in what direction a great storm is raging when it is yet several hundred miles from him, for the direction of the wind alone points it out.

If, however, the storm should be of such

great length, moving side foremost, as to preclude the possibility of avoiding it, he will at least be enabled to know in what direction to steer his ship, so as to get out of the storm as soon as possible. For example, if it shall be found that storms between the United States and Europe always move towards the east, then it will manifestly be improper to scud with the wind in the latter part of the gale, when the wind is blowing from the westward, because this would be to keep in the storm as long as possible.

The sailor also will be able to know when he is out of danger; for when a great storm has passed off to the east in middle and high latitudes, and to the north in low latitudes, on the north of the equator, he will know that it never returns; and therefore he will not be afraid to spread his sails to the wind, before the calm of the annulus comes upon him.

The mariner will finally be able, by observing storm clouds on their approach, to ascertain the direction in which storms move; for these storm clouds frequently exhibit themselves above the horizon in the form of an arch; and if the highest part of the arch approaches towards the zenith, then is the storm coming from the point where the arch first appeared.

FEAT OF SOME SPIDERS.

ROLAND LYMAN, of this city, jeweller, recently left a gold ring, with a piece of paper, for a label, lying within it, upon his watch-bench. The next morning he found that a large black spider, from the ceiling, over head, had attached his web to the paper, and raised it, and the ring, one inch. In the course of the week he raised it eight inches. He was then driven away by a small brown spider. Another black one afterwards attached his web to it, and in three days raised it to the height of fourteen inches from the table, when, by some means, the web was broken. The weight of the paper and ring was twelve grains.—*Lowell Courier.*

ANCIENT ALMANACS.

THE earliest almanac that was ever published in Europe was by John Muller, in 1474, who was at that time a learned professor of Königsberg, and whose assumed name was Regiomontanus, of Monteregus. This publication was nearly in the same form as they now appear. The first that was published in England is usually represented to have been in 1577; but, from the perfect manner in which it is compiled, there is reason to think that some had been published previously. In 1546, appeared "Prognostycacion and Almanacs of two Shepherdes, necessarye for all Householders;" but this is not an almanac in the sense of the term as now used. The number published in this country in the present day is enormous, of all kinds, prices, and sizes, from miniature almanacs of the lowest value, to thick volumes, sold for many shillings.

The Naturalist.

QUICKSILVER MINES OF ALMADEN.

(From the Polytechnic Journal.)

THESE mines belong to the Spanish crown, and a few years ago were considered the best, if not the only security, which the Madrid government could offer to Messrs. Rothschilds for advances of money, to whom their produce, to a certain extent, is at present mortgaged. They are situated in the province of La Mancha, near the confines of Estremadura and Cordova. The town, called Sisapona Cetobrix by the Romans, and Almaden by the Arabs, is built on a hill rising gently between two mountain ridges, evidently ramifications of the Sierra Morena, which commences near the eastern confines of La Mancha. The town contains a population of about 7,000 souls, including the garrison and six adjoining villages, and is administered under a military *regime*. There is also a director of the mines, presiding over a separate department. The only remarkable edifices in the place are the hospital and a prison for convicts.

The hill on which the mines are situated is chiefly composed of sandstone, and on its summit rises a crest of naked rocks, streaked with cinnabar,* indications which unquestionably led to the discovery of the mineral wealth concealed below. The direction of the hill is from north-east to south-west, and its elevation about 125 feet. Two veins, from two to fourteen feet wide, and varying in richness, cross it in a vertical manner. These veins meet near the most convex part of the hill, when they expand into a bed, equal to 100 feet wide, constituting the prodigious mass of ore known by the name of *El Rosario* (The Rosary), the discovery of which was at the time deemed so miraculous, that it was attributed to the special intervention of the Virgin, and of course dedicated to her. These two veins are the only ones worked at Almaden, and they have already been dug to such a depth, that the drainage has become the heaviest item in the expense; the application of steam would, however, materially reduce it.

Hitherto the labouring department has been carried on by *presidarios*, or convicts, each of whom costs the government at the rate of eight rials, or two shillings per day; whereas the peasants would perform the same drudgery for less, and besides do double the work. This appropriation of men condemned by the laws of their country, gives a valuable mining district the character of a penal settlement, more abhorred than the dungeons of Ceuta, or the galley stations of the old *regime*. These *forzados*, or convicts, are persons of the lowest order, chiefly smugglers, bandits, or

murderers, who would otherwise have been employed as galley-slaves, or, chained two and two, compelled to drag out a miserable existence in the dock-yards.

Although these mines appear to have been primarily known to the Romans, the first active working of them was commenced by the Brothers Fuggers, Germans, and called in Spain Fucaros, who in their undertaking gained so large a fortune, that it gave rise in Spain to the proverbial expression, "*Ser rico como un Fucar*," "As rich as a Fugger," and which occurs in Don Quixote. During the administration of the Messrs. Fuggers it was, that the Spanish government learned the value of the Almaden Hill; and at the expiration of their lease, the mines devolved to the crown. This lease expired in 1645.

The mineral wealth of this interesting hill was not, however, scientifically explored till towards the middle of last century. In 1752, Mr. William Bowles, an Englishman, and a naturalist of some eminence, became acquainted at Paris with D. Antonio Ulloa, the distinguished navigator, and author of the well-known work of travels. Bowles was recommended by him to the Spanish ministry, and commissioned to make excursions into the interior, to survey the mines, and improve the working. From the period of Bowles' visit, the works were conducted on a better principle.

The quicksilver is collected in oblong troughs, built up with masonry, but the weight more than once has been so great as to burst the inclosure, when the metal has been coursing down the hill in streamlets and globules. In this manner quantities have been lost beyond the power of redemption. Formerly, quicksilver, like wine, was packed in goatskins; but this method, more particularly when intended for shipment, was found unsafe. At present it is put into thin cast-iron bottles, in shape resembling an imperial quart bottle, only larger, with half the neck cut off. To these bottles, each of which, filled, weighs about 75 lbs. nett, there is no handle, which renders the dead weight extremely inconvenient. The mouth is secured with a screw, fitted in like the stopper of a decanter, excepting that the top tapers to a fine edge, so as to enter a hand-vice, by means of which a purchase is obtained to force the screw when it is rusty, or has been wound too tight. These bottles, called by the Spaniards *frascos*, are made in the Basque provinces, chiefly at the foundry of Iraceta, a beautiful estate belonging to the Duke de Granada, on the road from Aspeitia to Cestona. This establishment is situated on the river Urola, about half a league from the port of Zumai, on the Guipuscoan coast, where the bottles are shipped for Seville. Here they are filled at the Almacén del Azogue, the government dépôt, to which the quicksilver is brought down from the mines in skins, where it is emptied into wells, or troughs, and there kept till wanted for shipment.

* This is of a beautiful red colour, and, when pounded and finely sifted, is made into vermilion.

The uses of quicksilver in England are too generally known to require any specific enumeration in this place. Formerly, manufacturing chemists, and the makers of looking-glasses, were the principal consumers; but within the last few years it has been applied to a new purpose. One of the valuable discoveries of the age is the prevention of dry-rot in timber, a result obtained by a solution of mercury, of which Kyan's Anti-Dry-Rot Company alone take as many as fifty-two tons, or 104,000 lbs. annually, with every prospect of an increase.

The contracts with the Spanish government for the exclusive sale of the Almaden quicksilver had, for some time, been held by Bordeaux houses; but, during the late fluctuations in the Madrid ministry, it was natural to expect that competitors would enter the lists. Accordingly, under the Toreno administration, and at a moment when the pressure on the treasury was severely felt, notice was given that tenders for a new contract would be received, and the preference fell to the lot of Messrs. Rothschild.

Messrs. Rothschild, in this affair, in order to cover their advances, eventually became the purchasers of 30,000 bottles of Almaden quicksilver, as it is generally believed, at fifty-two dollars per bottle, which, at the exchange of thirty-nine pence, would make 253,500*l.* sterling. Adding to this sum for charges and agencies on the spot, say 1,907*l.* sterling, the prime cost appears to have been about 255,407*l.* sterling; whereas the quantity contracted for and sold in England, even as low as 2*s.* 9*d.* per lb., must have realized as much as 309,375*l.* sterling; from which sum, deducting largely for charges and discount, say 14,384*l.* sterling, the nett produce cannot have been less than 294,991*l.* sterling; thus leaving a profit of 39,584*l.* sterling, on what may be called one year's produce of the Almaden mines.

ÆOLIAN HARPINGS.

AFTER a pause this fairy harp is often heard beginning with a low and solemn note, like the bass of distant music in the sky; the sound then swells as if approaching, and other tones break forth, mingling with the first, and with each other. In the combined and varying strain, sometimes one clear note predominates, and sometime another, as if single musicians alternately led the band; and the concert often seems to approach, and again to recede, until with the unequal breeze it dies away, and all is hushed again. It is no wonder that the ancients, who understood not the nature of air, nor, consequently, of simple sound, should have deemed the music of the Æolian harp supernatural, and in their warm imaginations, should have supposed that it was the strain of invisible beings from above, descended in the stillness of evening or night to commune with men in a heavenly language of soul, intelligible to both.

New Books.

Jest and Earnest. [Cunningham, 1840.]

["Jest and Earnest" is a book, kind reader, which belongs to the school of Heracitus, as well as Democritus; which will be lemon as well as sugar in thy punch, and make thy right eye weep, while thy left smileth.

The authors chief *forte* consists in his satiricism on the follies of the world. Now, much instructive thought is to be gathered by him, who is a watcher upon the vicissitudes of human life; for that "warp and woof," made up of human actions and passions, which, to common ken seems entangled and gloomy as the grave, to the calm and philosophic eye reveals itself as a web, sable indeed for the most part, yet not without bright and golden interthreadings, which manifest the presence of a special and kind Providence, intent on saving the old beldame world from utter wreckage. Here was a fine moral to be drawn, but our author has not drawn it.

Nevertheless, the gay incidents or grievous casualties which chequer this poor life, are pathetically, as, also, humourously, struck off in the book before us. Well-conceived, and in keeping with the work, the frontispiece displays on one side, the grave "Athenian sage," and, on the other, the "merry masquer," with his abundant broad laughers. The delineator deserves much praise.

The ability of the book will be best set forth by sample, and none can crown the author with happier effect than:—

FIVE MINUTES.]

I was sitting in Kensington Gardens on a calm and beautiful summer evening. A clock at some distance struck eight; and I took out my watch to see if they agreed. They did so to a second. Unconsciously I fell into a deep reverie, induced by the stillness of all around; and, on awaking from it, found that I had still my watch in the same position. I glanced at it, and found that it was exactly five minutes past eight! so that I had dreamily meditated away five minutes, without being at all aware of the lapse of time. This circumstance brought me to speculate how this Five Minutes, which had passed so unconsciously with me, had passed with others.

Let imagination assist us to pencil down some of the effects of this Five Minutes.

A girl is watching beside her dying sister. A little French clock on the mantel-piece strikes eight, and, as the sound faintly reaches her ear, the gaze of the sufferer is directed with a melancholy expression towards the spot, as if conscious that she has heard it for the last time. Her sister marks the action, and turns away to conceal her emotion. In a little while she bends once more over the invalid—she is dead! The hands of the clock denote that it is Five Minutes past eight.

Jack Easy, as he hears the hour strike, says, "Faith, I must go and dress for this evening." He then stretches himself luxuriantly—yawns slowly—and utters these

words, "Gad—it is immensely warm to-day!" These several operations take him exactly Five Minutes to perform.

It is eight o'clock when a youth, whose uncle has bequeathed him six thousand a-year, takes a dice-box into his hands for the first time. He throws, and wins, and, in the space of five minutes has secured a large sum. How fortunate, and yet the chances are that, eventually, he will pay at the rate of one hundred pounds a moment for that fortunate Five Minutes.

Two friends, who have known each other from boyhood, meet this evening, at eight o'clock, to decide a foolish quarrel, which arose from a hasty word. They arrive punctually—preliminaries are settled—fire—and one falls mortally wounded. His opponent runs to him—every feeling of enmity is vanished—he calls upon him to look up, but in vain! How gladly would he give twenty years from his future life to recall that Five Minutes.

An old man is hastening along, and, as he hears eight strike, he increases his pace; for it is the hour he has appointed to meet his lawyer on important business. His only son has offended him to the last degree, by privately marrying a penniless cousin who had been brought up with him, and the old miser had sworn never to forgive them. He is this night to get a new will drawn up, in which his son will be left totally destitute—he will cut him off with a shilling—"let him starve with the beggar he has married!" But whilst these thoughts fill the brain of the old man, a sudden giddiness overpowers him—he falls to the ground—he is stricken by apoplexy! At Five Minutes past eight the miser is no more.

Tom Dennison, a poor devil "about town," weary with the ill success of his efforts to live, had resolved to emigrate to that Land of Promise, Australia. He had appointed to meet a man at the Salopian coffee-house, to negotiate the sale of a small property, in order to fit him out. The appointed hour—eight—sounds forth from the steeple of St. Martin's, and Tom arrives punctually at the coffee-house. His friend has not yet come; and, whilst waiting, he takes up the *Morning Chronicle*. Suddenly he changes colour and trembles—his eyes are rivetted to one advertisement—"Next of kin—Thomas Dennison—hear something to his advantage." Perdition seize Australia! England for ever. The "man about town" is a poor devil no longer; and Five Minutes bestowed on a newspaper has wrought the change.

A tall and handsome man is standing beneath a window which is half-hidden by honey-suckle and roses. The village clock strikes eight—it is the appointed time—a white handkerchief is waved amongst the roses at the window. In a moment he is in the chamber, embracing a beautiful and weeping girl. She is irresolute, and the name of her father escapes her lips. Her lover is

frantic at the delay—he vows—he reminds her of her promise—he has prevailed. Five Minutes have sealed her happiness or misery for life.

Is all this mere imagination, or did something like what I have related occur, whilst I was sitting absorbed in my profitless musing.

RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

THE Prince of Wales, or heir apparent to the Crown, and also his Royal Consort, and the Princess Royal, or eldest daughter of the King, are of course peculiarly regarded by the laws. For, by the statute 25th Edward III., to compass or conspire the death of the former, or to violate the chastity of either of the latter, are as much high treason as to conspire the death of the King, or violate the chastity of the Queen. And this upon the principle which follows: because the Prince of Wales is next in succession to the crown, and to violate his wife might taint the blood royal with bastardy; and the eldest daughter is also alone inheritable to the crown on the failure of issue male, and, therefore, more respected by the laws than any of her younger sisters; inasmuch, that upon this united with other (feodal) principles, while our military tenures were in force, the King might levy an aid for marrying his eldest daughter, and her only.—*Blackstone*.

EARTHQUAKE.

A CORRESPONDENT informs us, that a shock of an earthquake was felt at Portstewart, last Tuesday morning, between the hours of three and four o'clock. It was perceived by a number of families, the beds and windows vibrated for at least twenty seconds, and a sound as of heavy waggons passing over the ground was heard. Many who were startled from their slumbers, jumped out of bed, astonished by the phenomenon, and apprehensive for their safety. Some thought the shaking of their houses might be occasioned by the setting in of a storm; others that it arose from the firing of guns at sea; but, on looking out of the windows the sea was calm, and everything around wore an air of tranquillity. The shock was followed in about twenty minutes, by a most vivid flash of sheet lightning, and almost at the same instant, a terrific crash of thunder shook every house in the town. The influence of the earthquake was likewise felt at Coleraine and different parts of the coast, extending from Macgilligan to the Giant's Causeway. We learn from the Scotch journals, that a part of that country was recently visited by a similar phenomenon, which has been of pretty frequent occurrence of late.—*Derry paper*.

The Gatherer.

For a woman to look on knowledge, grace, and accomplishments, only as baits with which to entice a husband, and not as precious in themselves, is like shooting game with diamonds, or flinging sceptres at fruits.

Largest Volcano in the World.—Kiruca, a burning mountain in Owyhee, one of the Sandwich Islands, has a crater of more than nine miles in circumference, and lately throw forth a lake of liquid lava, one mile long by half a mile broad, emitting intense heat, and glowing with extreme brilliancy.—*Communication to the Geographical Society.*

English and American Rivers.—By J. Smith, one of the authors of the *Rejected Addresses*.

In England rivers are all males—
For instance, Father Thames;
Wherever in Columbia sails,
Finds them ma' mables or dames.

Yes, there the softer sex prevails,
Aquatic, I assure ye,
And Mrs. Sippy pulls her tides,
Responsive to Miss Suez.

"*Why is the letter D like a Ring?*" said a young lady to her accepted one day. The gentleman, like the generality of his sex in such a situation, was as dull as a hammer. "Because," added the lady, with a very modest look at the picture at the other end of the room, "because we can't be used without it."

Penny Irish Zoological Gardens.—The Gardens of the Zoological Society of Ireland, Phoenix Park, have been thrown open to the public, on Sundays, after church, until May 1st at a charge, it is said, of one penny.

Sam Slick's Notion.—Give me your preserves, tho', aunty, when you marry; your quinces, and damsons, and jellies, and what not, for you won't want them no more. Nothing ever tastes sweet arter lips. O, dear! one smack o' them is worth—. Do get along, said Miss Hetty, &c., &c.

M. Munck has lately discovered, amongst other works at Cairo, different portions of a gigantic commentary on the bible, as old as the tenth century.

The absence of sea-birds forms a singular trait in the character of the Indian seas; scarcely a single living thing appeared in the sky above, or the sea below, betwixt Bombay and the Indus.—*Kennedy's Travels.*

Wordsworth, the Post, had, the week before last, a narrow escape, from the mail-coach coming in contact with his gig; fortunately, however, he was unhurt, though precipitated some distance.

One of the old brass guns raised from the Mary Rose, after having remained 297 years under water, and bearing evidence that it was cast in the year 1542, was weighed lately, and found to be 44 cwt., worth, as old brass, 176l.

Courage and Modesty are both manifested by the same colour.

The Winters of Pekin are like those of Tobolsk, and even on the great Chusan island, in the latitude of Madeira, the hills of moderate elevation are covered with snow during the winter. Spring and winter seem there to go together in harmony; while the fields are still covered with snow, the tall hedges dividing them put forth their new leaves, and the crops of peas and beans blossom in the gardens on the sea side.

Instinct.—Instinct is Balaam's ass, which knew the angel before its rider did. It is the great standing miracle of nature.

Mozart.—Before he was eighteen years old, he had written fugues in all the old church modes, one of which fugues, most ingeniously composed in the Mixo-Lydian mode, is preserved in the library of the court at Vienna.

Meteor.—On the 13th of May, 1840, a meteor larger than the full moon, was seen at Albany, Boston, Newhaven, Rhode Island; there was a brilliant train left behind some seconds after its explosion.—*Silliman's Journal.*

Employment for Convicts.—It is said that there are eight millions of acres in England, and in Ireland, five millions, of un reclaimed land, all of which might be improved and made productive; why should not the able-bodied convict population be employed in cultivating these barren wastes, making roads, erecting buildings, and otherwise reducing them to the service of man? To cultivate such land by free labour would be unprofitable, but apply convict labour, and the result would be very different.

News from Beyrout, Tyre, and Sidon.—

Each Boy from Beyrout has absconded fast.
First kept at 'boy,' then put to 'roasts' at last;
Despatches came from Tyre, good news to tell,
Some readers think these 'go to tire' as well.
While ancient Sidon, beaten in the row,
Proves that 'true Sidon,' is 'wrong side on' now.
Morning Chronicle.

Painted Glass Window.—The Dean and Chapter of Westminster have determined on decorating the marigold window in the north transept with a scriptural subject. Many of the parishioners of St. James, Westminster, are also desirous of decorating the oriel window of their church with a painted history.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Accepted:—"Time," by James Wylde. Tale of a Brigand, by Laura C. B.—

We beg to decline:—"Juvenis" "To Discretion."—R. J. L.—Sonnet by Emma W.—Sausage and Meditations by "Eliza"—"The Departure of Autumn," by R. B.—"The Pauper Boy," "To my Pipe,"—"Impromptu on "The Floods in France."

Many other Contributions are under consideration.

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